

in his lessons, which Master Kindersley ain't clever, they do say, and that's how it come about.'

"I asked no more questions of Mrs. Frost. The news she had told me sobered me, and made from that hour a difference in me.

"I had occasionally talked to my brother about my ambition for him. He had generally laughed and put me off; but once he had said, rather sadly, 'Where's the money to come from, child?' As I had not the least notion how to meet this objection, I did not meet it, and I did not remember it. I knew nothing practically about my father's affairs, and I had but little opportunity of comparing our circumstances with those of other people.

"It was not until long afterwards that I learned how much it cost my brother to accept the position, which the full revelation of my father's circumstances forced upon him about this time. He, too, had had his own ambition, his own visions of a career; and though they differed as widely from mine, as the realities of life differed from my girlish notions of them, they were as completely beyond realisation. I may as well record them here, among the things that never were, and the things of the past. While I was elevating my brother in my silly fancy to the magnificent level of Captain Simcox and Lieutenant Larkin, he was indulging in dreams of going to a university, and embracing the laborious, concentrated life of a scholar. He believed there might be means enough to give him his career of predilection, provided he should steadily resist its temptations, and brave the mortifications which a poor man must encounter; but the vision vanished one day, on which our father explained to him that, a last effort to retrieve a former heavy loss having resulted in fresh disaster, he not only could not give his son the means of going to a university, under even the most modest auspices, but he should have to leave Griffith, at his own death, charged with the obligation of providing for me.

"When Griffith told me all about this, a long time afterwards, I could not help thinking that, just at the period when the truth was told him, I was anything but a person for whom a young man might fairly have been expected to make a great sacrifice cheerfully. I remember, with tolerable distinctness, what my personal appearance was at that time, and I think I can describe my mental characteristics also with accuracy.

"At fifteen I was not pretty, though I was very good-looking at five-and-twenty. I had an awkward figure and a sallow face, with nothing attractive about it except the mouth and eyes, which latter were large, dark, and brilliant. I was a tall, strong, active girl, with the untidy, unconventional ways of a girl who has lacked a mother's care in all the minor discipline of habit and observance; and as I had unbroken health, and was therefore not a source of any of the disquiet and anxiety which teach careless men the solicitude and the watchfulness of women, I had been permitted to have my own way in all things appertaining to the government of my life.

"I had plenty of fun in me, and a good temper. I was idle about my studies, except those which had an imaginative side to them—such as history and biography. The only touch of romance in me was the worldly and showy kind, without any tendency to the sentimental. I liked books—poetry, plays, and novels best, though I had settled habits of solid reading too. I liked flowers, but not the cultivation of them. I liked animals, but not the trouble of them; I could not have been trusted not to neglect them. I liked giving away things I did not want to the poor, but I had not patience with them. I was very fond of 'Frosty,' because she saved me from all responsibility and trouble about the house, and, notwithstanding her sharp tongue, indulged me very thoroughly. I loved my father, but I was content to love him without understanding him, and Griffith I worshipped and worried.

"However well or ill I knew myself at that time, or however I may have changed since then, and corrected my impressions respecting myself, other people, and things in general, one fact, which always existed, has never been otherwise than cloudlessly clear to my perception. It is that my brother Griffith was 'worth a dozen of me.' 30

### HUMAN LONGEVITY.

WHETHER they have honoured their fathers and mothers or not, all human beings—except suicides—wish that their days may be long in the land, and even eventual suicides, before the morbid disposition, or the crushing events, which tempted them to self-destruction, came on—even they would shrink, like the rest of their fellow-creatures, from.

"If my admiration of the military had not been sufficiently strong and silly, it would have been stimulated to the right pitch by Miss Minnie. As it was, our common nonsense on this point was a bond of union far closer than that furnished by grammars and geographies, Cramer's Exercises for the Pianoforte, and Berlin-wool work. Miss Minnie was a link between my completely imaginary adoration of these charming creatures, and the actual world in which they lived; for she had endless small confidences to make to me concerning their admiration of and attentions to herself, which it never occurred to me to receive otherwise than with undoubting faith.

"That Griffith was to go into the army was a settled point between Miss Minnie and me. We had not the remotest notion of how it was to be done, or of what it would mean, supposing it had been done; but there were enchanting visions connected with it, including rapid promotion and a number of 'brothers-in-arms,' of splendid appearance and chivalrous manners, who were to be introduced to me, and who would inevitably fall violently in love with me. I was to permit my heart to 'speak' in favour of the handsomest and bravest of the number. I remember, in particular, when I look back to the pleasant and not very blamable absurdity of those days, that the hero of my choice was to have got his fighting over beforehand; that he was to bring me ready-gathered laurels; and that Miss Minnie and I differed about his scars. She liked the G. P. R. James' style of wound, the 'cicatrice which betrayed how the bronzed cheek had been laid open by a desperate cut from a sabre;' while I thought a mark on the forehead, or a slight scar on the chin, not sufficient to injure its beauty, or so insignificant as to be mistaken for an accident in shaving, would wisely combine the demands of romance with the preservation of appearance.

"I was just fifteen, if I remember rightly, and in the noontide of nonsense of this kind, when a severe blow was struck at my youthful romance by Mrs. Frost. I had been looking out of the window of my room, which commanded a prospect of the high road as far as the bend I have already mentioned, and I had seen Captain Simcox and Lieutenant Larkin pass by on horseback. Frost was in the room, and I could not forbear from commenting on the majesty of the spec-

tacle to her, though she was perfectly unsympathising, and never lost an opportunity of professing that she had 'no opinion of the military'—meaning that she had a bad one.

"How delightful it would be to see Griffith just like them?' I went on enthusiastically. 'I do long to see him in a beautiful uniform, waving his sword.'

"Which you won't, Miss Audrey,' said Frost, testily, 'not until such time as bankers wears red coats, and gives out the money on sword-blades, in place of shovels which always has been. No, no, master ain't no such fool as to let Master Griffith go a' hollerin' himself hoarse to country bumpkins at home, or getting his brains blowed out abroad, and payin' dear for the honour and glory of doin' of it. Thank mercy, master knows a deal better than that, which you ought to be ashamed of yourself for wishin' of it, Miss Audrey.'

"What do you mean, Frosty?' I asked. 'Who says anything about banks, and why can't Griffith be an officer?'

"Your pa and Master Griffith has been arrangin' of it, my dear, and a good thing too. Master told me about it this morning, and I'm as glad as glad. It's time you got some sense, Miss Audrey, and learned as nothing can't be done without money, and as your pa is anything but well off.'

"I made no reply. The testiness of the dear old woman's manner, her unusual crossness to myself, her vehement tone, made me suspect she liked the prospect she had announced so vaguely, as little as she expected me to like it. But I wanted to know more, and I coaxed her.

"Where is Griffith going to be a banker, Frosty? Do tell me all about it? I won't say anything to vex papa.'

"He isn't goin' to be a banker nowhere, Miss Audrey. Bankers ain't made so easy as all that. He's going into Kindersley's, and a good thing too. Many a man as has died rich begun that way, and I darsay Master Griffith 'll die rich some day—which he wouldn't, sure and certain, in the millinterry.'

"I did not want to hear about Griffith's dying, rich or otherwise, but Frosty was not to be induced to talk in any way but her own.

"Mr. Kindersley's been takin' a interest in Master Griffith, along o' his pullin' Master Kindersley out of the river, when he got pushed into it that time when the schoolboys got a' fightin' together down by the broad bridge, and a' promptin' him



any untimely shortening of their lives. The wonder, therefore, is, not that there should be so many books and treatises indicating the way to insure long life, but that there should exist so few; above all, so few seriously and conscientiously written, and not marked with the stamp of charlatanism. For of all the branches of natural history, the hygiene of the human race is the most useful, and certainly the most interesting.

One might be deterred from increasing the number of essays on this subject, by observing that the fate of our predecessors in that line is not particularly encouraging. No inflexible rule, as we shall see, can be laid down in the matter of longevity; and many of those who have taken the greatest pains to live long, or to instruct others how to do so, have failed to show, in their own persons, the efficacy of their instructions. Nobody as yet has been able to say, "I will live a hundred years and more; note the way in which I manage it." On the contrary, many have reached their ninetieth or their hundredth years under circumstances which, most people would say, were anything but favourable to length of days.

The late Professor Flourens, perpetual secretary of the Académie des Sciences, &c., a real savant, unsuspected of quackery, who believed the normal life of man to be two hundred years, within a trifle, got but little beyond the quarter of that period. Absorbed in the case of Luigi Cornaro, a dyspeptic Italian, who exemplified the saying that it is the creaking gate which hangs the longest, he had such faith in abstinence as a sure means of longevity, that he may be believed to have died of insufficient nourishment. For what is life but strength, which cannot be sustained without adequate, sometimes liberal, supplies of food and drink? What produces weakness more surely than starvation? And what is natural (distinguished from violent or sudden) death, but the acme of weakness, or strength dwindled down to infinitesimal smallness? And that was all poor Professor Flourens gained by making his dinner off an egg-yolk or a biseuit. Were an inquest held on such a death, "Serves him right" would be the verdict of a popular jury. Le Docteur P. Foissac, Médecin en chef, &c., whose excellent book on "*La Longévité Humaine; ou, l'Art de Conserver la Santé et de Prolonger la Vie*," is the cause of this article having been written,—Dr. Foissac, who

only allows us a hundred years, and whose mode of treatment is less severe than that of Flourens, is, we hope, still surviving at the date of our present publication. And as no man can be pronounced fortunate before his death, so none can be warranted as centenarians until they are alive, well or ill, with or without their faculties, in their hundred and odds.

"If you want to know how long you will live," said an eminent English practitioner, "go and consult the grave-stones of your ancestors." There can be little doubt that inherited qualities are widely manifested in this, as well as in other vital phenomena. In fact, the physical improvement of families and races would be difficult to effect if the laws of inheritance are set at naught. And observed facts are all that need be attended to; the causes are beyond our finding out. It suffices that consumption, gout, insanity, deafness, hare-lip, and other ills that flesh is heir to, are, in many instances, hereditary, as the very terms of the phrase imply. Family likenesses, perpetuated through successive generations, strikingly confirm the truth of the transmission of physical qualities by inheritance.

Franklin relates, in his autobiography, that old people in his village assured him that his own nature and constitution were so completely those of one of his uncles, whose death occurred four years before Franklin's birth, that if those two events had coincided, they might have passed for a case of transmigration of souls. An equally striking likeness existed between two brothers, Khasak and Ourbrusk, sons of a Persian prince who was killed in 1815, in the Russian service. They could hardly be distinguished from each other. Khasak, the elder by three years, usually resided in St. Petersburg, but often travelled. All Paris knew Ourbrusk, who was constantly to be seen at the libraries, and especially at every first performance at the lyrical theatres. To complete the resemblance, they both died recently at the age of eighty-two.

In spite of certain alterations, the typical features peculiar to the houses of Guise and Lorraine were transmitted to all their descendants through a long series of generations. The Bourbon countenance, the Condés' aquiline nose, the thick and protruding lower lip bequeathed to the house of Austria by a Polish princess, are well-known instances. We have only to look at a coin of our George the Third,

to be reminded of our present royal family. During Addison's short ministry, Mrs. Clarke, who solicited his favour, had been requested to bring with her the papers proving that she was Milton's daughter. But as soon as she entered his cabinet, Addison said, "Madam, I require no further evidence. Your resemblance to your illustrious father is the best of all."

The Comte de Pont, who died in 1867 at nearly a hundred, told Dr. Foissac that, during the Restoration, he often met in the salons of M. Desmousseaux de Givre, prefect of Arras, a man at whose approach he shuddered, as he would at the sight of an apparition, so wonderfully was he like Robespierre. M. de Pont confided his impressions to the prefect, who told him, smiling at his prejudice, that the person in question passed for Robespierre's natural son; that, in fact, it was a matter of notoriety.

Next to family likeness, vitality, or the duration of life, is the most important character transmitted by inheritance. The two daughters of Victor Amadeus the Second, the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister Marie-Louise, married to Philip the Fifth, both remarkable for their beauty, died at twenty-six. In the Turgot family fifty years was the usual limit of life. The great minister, on the approach of that term, although in good health, remarked to his friends that it was time to put his affairs in order; and he died, in fact, at fifty-three. In the house of Romanoff, the duration of life is short, independent of the fact that several of its members met with violent deaths. The head of this illustrious race, Michael Federovitch, died at forty-nine; Peter the Great was scarcely fifty-three. The Empress Anne died at forty-seven; the tender-hearted Elizabeth at fifty-one. Of Paul's four sons, Alexander died at forty-eight, Constantine at forty-two, Nicholas at fifty-nine, and the Grand Duke Michael at fifty-one.

In the houses of Saxony and Prussia, on the contrary, examples of longevity are far from rare. Frederick the Great, in spite of his continual wars and his frequent excesses at table, was seventy-four; Frederick William the Third was seventy; the Emperor William, in his seventy-ninth year, is still hale and hearty. In all the countries of Europe, families of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians, may be cited. On the 1st of April, 1716, there died in Paris a saddler

of Doulevant, in Champagne, more than hundred years old. To inspire Louis the Fourteenth with the flattering hope of living as long, he was made, two years previously, to present that monarch with a bouquet on St. Louis's Day. His father had lived one hundred and thirteen years, his grandfather one hundred and twelve. Jean Surrington, a farmer in the environs of Berghem, lived to be one hundred and sixty. The day before his death, in complete possession of his mental faculties, he divided his property amongst his children; the eldest was one hundred and three, and, what is still more extraordinary, the youngest was only nine. Jean Golembiewski (the oldest man in the French army, if still alive), who accompanied King Stanislas Leczinski into France, belonged to a family of centenarians. His father lived to be one hundred and twenty-one, his grandmother one hundred and thirty.

Recent incredulity respecting centenarians has been carried to the extreme limit of common sense and fairness. All men are not liars. Many facts, which cannot be completely attested in all their particulars in black and white, may nevertheless be perfectly true. No theoretical or *a priori* reason can be adduced why ultra-centenarianism should not occur. Nothing in the functions or properties of living bodies indicates how long they are made to last. Many fish and marine mammals are known to live to indeterminate ages. It may be said that the former at least are cold-blooded, and that they make but small expenditure of vital force. But many birds, whose case and circumstance are the very reverse, offer notorious examples of longevity. Why should not the renovating process, which maintains, for a while, the adult frame in health, continue to do so for an unlimited period? Why, in short, should men decline and die, instead of living on and on? We can only answer that it is the law of Nature—the will of the Creator who called all things into being.

Granted the axiom, "Men wish to live long," the next step is to discover how to do it. Not a few seem to be trying, as long as they survive, how not to do it. By carelessness, by defiance of common precautions, by avoidable accident, by overwork, quite as much as by vicious excesses, people expose themselves to the risk either of a sharp illness, or, what is worse, of falling into permanent bac-



health. And what are acute disease or an ailing condition, but the first slope of the facile descent at whose foot yawn the wide-open jaws of all-devouring Death? Such folks do not die; they kill themselves.

A skilful practitioner, Fouquier, ventured to pronounce his inaugural thesis "On the advantages of a feeble constitution." It was not so much a paradoxical whim, as a charitable consolation for the encouragement of valetudinarians. But the indispensable condition of success was, that the feeble constitution should be well taken care of. Without that, the circumstances most favourable to longevity, such as middle stature; moderate stoutness, inclining to leanness; sufficient strength; the regular exercise of the principal functions; a broad chest; slow and late growth; long and peaceful slumber; and, above all, a good stomach, do not inevitably insure a prolonged career of life, although they hold out a fair promise of it. Stunted growth even is no invincible obstacle to longevity. A humpback, named Nicholas Marc, lived one hundred and ten years; the dwarf, Elspeth Walson, not quite six-and-twenty inches high, one hundred and fifteen. The famous Polish dwarf, Count Borolowski, who spent the greater part of his life in England, also reached one hundred. But accident on the one hand, and care-taking on the other, both apart, we may believe that the original stock of innate vitality differs in different individuals. As cats are extremely hard to kill, while rabbits may be given their quietus with a fillip, so, as far as resistance under hard knocks and unhealthy conditions is concerned, there are human cats and human rabbits. French veterans call the former "durs-à-cuire," tough ones to cook. Our Countess of Desmond, who climbed up apple-trees to divert her declining years, must have been of the very toughest. "There are people," says Galen, "born with so poor a constitution, that Æsculapius himself could not keep them alive up to sixty." Nevertheless, it is everybody's duty to do his utmost to preserve both his own life and the lives of others.

To discover the secret of living long, the Chaldeans had recourse, not to the laws of organised beings or the experience of medical practice, but to the influence of the stars and of magic spells. These notions, after leading the East astray, found favour in Rome at the beginning of the Empire. In the eleventh century, alchemy made a vigorous start, but con-

tinued the astrological and cabalistic system of mystery, hieroglyphic characters, and secret initiation. The services unsuspectingly rendered to experimental chemistry by the alchemists are not denied; but the reader may be reminded that a universal remedy, or elixir of life, was quite as much their object as the transmutation of metals. Both desiderata, in their eyes, were inseparably united; for of what use was inexhaustible wealth, without length of days to enjoy it in? or what did a protracted existence profit, without the means of procuring its comforts and pleasures? Several adepts proclaimed they had discovered both. They were either crazed enthusiasts or gross impostors.

In the eighth century, Geber, an Arabian alchemist, vaunted his Red Elixir, a solution of gold, which infallibly restored the aged to youth, and prolonged life indefinitely. The panacea proposed by the Vicomte de Lapasse, in 1861, in his book "*Sur la Longévité*," is the very same thing as Geber's Elixir. Dippel, more modest, only promised two centuries to whoever should take his many-times-rectified oil distilled from stags' horns. Unfortunately, none of these physicians healed themselves. Dippel died in 1733, at the age of sixty; Paracelsus, the most absurd of all, was only forty-seven; Arnaud de Villeneuve, seventy-six; the great Van Helmont, seventy-nine. Roger Bacon and Raymond Lulle did not get beyond eighty-one, which was a small allowance for men in possession of the universal panacea. Cornaro's would-be imitators did not fare better. The Jesuit Lessius, who translated Cornaro into Latin, and observed the same abstinence, died at sixty-nine; the learned jurisconsult, Bartholus, who also childishly weighed his aliments, got no farther than forty-three. Short commons will not insure the completion of a century.

"If you wish to keep well," said Frederick Hoffmann, "beware of the doctors and their medications." To understand this strange advice, given by a famous practitioner, one has only to read the prescriptions of Gui Patin, Chirac,\* and company. The Princess Palatine, sister-in-law of Louis the Fourteenth and mother of the regent, wrote on the 23rd of November, 1672: "Here, no infant is safe. The doctors have already sent into the other world five of the Queen's children, the last only

\* Chirac is the doctor who, when the resurrection of Lazarus was discussed in his presence, quietly observed, "Ah! if he had been one of my patients!"

three weeks ago. They have done as much for the children of Monsieur." This was only the natural result of carrying a preconceived system to excess. Every overdone and exaggerated mode of treatment ought to excite distrust. The universal remedy, imagined by alchemists, has never existed, and never will. In spite of which, venesection, purgation, sudation, starvation, and other specific 'ations, have all had their vogue; and some, unfortunately, as bleeding, for every form of malady, are not yet obsolete.

It makes one shudder to read, in Amelot de la Houssaie's *Mémoires*, that Louis the Thirteenth was bled forty-seven times, and emitted, or purged, two hundred and fifteen times in a single year! Unnecessary bleeding had something to do with Raphael's early death. Although, during the last thirty or forty years, the practice of bleeding has been reduced in France to narrow limits, its abuse still persists in the Spanish and Italian peninsulas, and strangers ought to be warned of it. The Italian doctors outdo the Sangrados of every other country in the world in employing venesection for almost every complaint. You may meet with Italians who have been bled a hundred and fifty times in the course of their lives. The doctors' justification is, that the exceptional climate of Turin renders this remedial measure indispensable!

One of their most notable victims must be fresh in everyone's memory. On the 29th of May, 1861, after a stormy debate in Parliament, Count Cavour went home depressed and anxious. In the night he was awoke by vomiting and intestinal pains, the consequence of indigestion, which frequently occurs under similar circumstances. He was bled immediately; again at eight in the morning; again at five in the afternoon. The Paris medical journals did not conceal their conviction that, under such treatment, the illustrious statesman's case was hopeless. On the 1st and 2nd of June he was bled again; again on the 4th. On the morning of the 6th he died.

In the November following one of his doctors fell a martyr to the same absurd system, having undergone, in the illness which carried him off, seven bleedings besides numerous leechings. We herein see the wisdom of Hoffmann's advice to beware of headstrong doctors and their ways. Celsus forbids the employment of precautionary remedies; that is, we should let well alone. Continual physic-taking

is the delight of hypochondriacs, and people who have nothing else to occupy their minds. Doses and pills three times a day are their unfailing solace and amusement. They prefer seeking health from medicines instead of from food and exercise. They would fain recover youth and prolong life by some mysterious arcanum, neglecting temperance and restraint of their passions, whose fire, when constantly stirred and fanned, consumes and shortens their existence.

Broussais, who carried the depletory system still farther, was inexorable in the application of his method. Leeches succeeded to leeches, and debilitants to debilitants; and when, in spite of this treatment, the disease was overcome by the superior resources of nature, want of strength still continued so as to constitute an actual illness. Recoveries were desperately long and slow. General Morgaget, whom Dr. Foissac knew, escaped certain death by cheating his doctor. When convalescent, he begged and prayed in vain to have a little nourishment. Broussais had set a severe and stern nurse, or rather keeper, to watch him strictly. The general, furious, got rid of her for a moment, hunted about for food, and, finding none, hastily swallowed a plateful of cats'-meat that stood within reach. He expected to die of indigestion, but fell asleep. From that moment he contrived to deceive Broussais, ate and drank his fill, and got well again.

But Dr. Foissac does not confine himself to cautioning; he offers excellent and practical advice, so that his book deserves to be the *vade-mecum* of all who wish to defer their departure till the latest moment possible. It is unprejudiced, full of research, and perfectly free from quackery. For details, the work itself must be consulted. Its upshot and entire tendency are to impress upon us, that the attainment of the sum of days allotted to us by the Great Creator demands neither more nor less than the constant exercise of all the common sense which each individual has, the good fortune to be blessed with.

#### LEGENDS OF THE FICHEL- GEBIRGE.

THE mountain-chain which stands close to the junction of Saxony, Bavaria, and Bohemia has scarcely received the special attention which it merits. The Fichtelgebirge, less commonly called the Fichtel-